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ABSTRACT

"Folksong in the Classroom," is a newsletter representing a network of teachers of English, history, music and the humanities. Its purpose is to make available to the educational community the folk music that is American heritage and to which all young people should have access. This volume serves two main purposes: (1) to provide teachers of upper elementary and junior high school grades with songs for classroom use; (2) to make available an informal song book that may be used by those who work with teacher and parent groups and with student teachers. This volume containing 21 songsheets, is divided into five categories: immigrants, African-American, Native American, work, and environment. These songs which present the North American experience provide basic source materials to convey the first impression of American life, language, and literature. To demonstrate human diversity, the immigrant category collected not only songs in English, but also songs in Spanish, French, and German. (ML)

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FOLKSONG IN THE CLASSROOM

FALL 1993 TO SPRING 1994

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FOLKSONG IN THE CLASSROOM©

A NETWORK OF TEACHERS OF HISTORY, LITERATURE, MUSIC AND THE HUMANITIES - A NEWSLETTER

Volume XIV #1, #2 and #3
Fall 1993 to Spring 1994

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SONGS FOR THE WORLD'S CHILDREN IN NORTH AMERICA

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We wish to thank Jim Douglas, of Sturbridge, Massachusetts, for his collaboration in the preparation of Volume XIII Number 3, ***NEW ENGLAND TEXTILE WORKERS THROUGH THEIR SONGS,*** *and the generosity with which he contributed his time and expertise. Jim is a folk singer who reaches a wide audience through school programs.*

Please make note of our new address

Folksong In The Classroom
P.O. Box 925 -
Sturbridge MA 01566

To our Subscribers,

We apologize for the late arrival of volume XIV. The transition to computerized printing of text and music is a slow one, but we hope you will agree that the delay is justified in the light of results. We thank you for your confidence in us, and your patience. As always we welcome your comments and suggestions.

Our rates have remained unchanged since 1990. As of Sept 1, 1994, they will increase as follows;

individual subscription	$10.00
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Illustration on front cover is from ***The Singing Wind*** (Chantons au Vent) Paris, 1936

The idea for Volume XIV, ***SONGS FOR THE WORLD'S CHILDREN IN NORTH AMERICA*** *arose from a presentation which Carol Swinchoski and the editors made to a conference of teachers in Longmeadow, Massachusetts, in May, 1993. Carol is a music teacher from Fitchburg. We are grateful to her for organizing the Longmeadow meeting and joining us to select the songs which are reproduced below, and spending a lovely day working with us painting the house.*

Statement of Purpose

Editors: John W. Scott, John A. Scott, Laurence Seidman

Circulation Editor: Diana Palmer

As primary source materials, folk songs can be used to study our own culture and the cultures of the world. Singing these songs can fire students' imaginations, arousing their curiosity, and helping them to focus upon a theme. Singing folk songs can help students overcome cultural differences and see the commonality of all peoples. Through folk songs, students of all ages can identify with and understand the lives and the times of people in the past.

Folksong in the Classroom, a newsletter representing a network of teachers of English, history, music and the humanities, is published three times a year. Its purpose is to make available to the educational community the folk music that is our heritage and which we believe all young people should have access to. We are also concerned with discussing the nature and the origins of this heritage: offering suggestions about its classroom use, reviewing books and records where appropriate, and providing supplementary material such as bibliographies, discographies and songsheets.

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Folksong in the Classroom welcomes queries and news from teachers about their work. We also welcome articles for possible publication. Materials submitted for review will be acknowledged in print, but review cannot be guaranteed. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope if you wish to have materials returned.

Folksong in the Classroom is a voluntary association of working teachers and educators operating pro bono publico without pay. Subscriptions constitute the primary source of our income, and contributions are welcome. Correspondence should be sent to John W. Scott, P.O. Box 543, Northampton, MA 01061. Queries regarding subscriptions, back issues and available materials should be sent to: **Folksong In The Classroom**, P.O. Box 925 Sturbridge MA, 01566, att: Diana Palmer.

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Correspondence

Art Thieme Peru IL

One of my pet projects has been to collect songs that reflect the life of John Kennedy. There was Jimmy Dean's hit *'P.T. 109'* concerning Kennedy's war exploits. There were campaign songs from 1960, Phil Ochs wrote at least a dozen songs dealing with Kennedy, the Cuban missile crisis and the Bay of Pigs. John Kennedy was president at just the right time to show up in dozens of these topical songs composed within the folk revival of the 1960's.

Then came the assassination. The spontaneous outpouring of emotion on the part of the people was fantastic. The list that I have made could fill, and indeed does fill, more than 20 pages. In all I've found 131 J.F.K. songs. Some are terrible and some are great. Some funny; some serious. On the whole they document a time when many people felt (despite current revelations) that we had a good and moral man in the White House. A bullet ended all that. That bullet drove home the message of our own vulnerability and that of the nation as well.

* * * *

Art encloses a partial list of the songs that he has collected. Those interested may write to him at PO Box 117, Peru, IL 61354. He does workshops in which he plays recorded excerpts from some of the material.

Susie Howell Blacksburg PA

(I'm) pleased that your songs are easier to read, whether xeroxed from another publication or ms.

* * * *

Computerizing the reproduction of the melody lines with words beneath them, has been a breakthrough for us. It is going to revolutionize the appearance and the readability of the ***Newsletter****. The goal is to make our materials more 'classroom ready'. This transition to computerization has been slow and time-consuming. We thank our readers for their patience.*

Jan C. Gomersall Calais ME

Enclosed are the most recent set of stamps issued by the Canadian Postal Service (September 7, 1993). I was quite surprised, but very pleased, to see it, since very little attention is given to our folk heritage. Maybe I misjudged. Also heard a couple of interesting items on the radio - a new CD entitled *"Singers for Fishermen"* appears to indicate a rise of new folk songs relating to the demise of the fishing industry in Atlantic Canada; and a cassette *"Old Time Fiddlers of Prince Edward*

Island" by a Boston ethnomusicologist, Ken Pearlman (I think that is the correct name!)

* * * *

Above is a monochrome reproduction of one of the four beautifully colored stamps that Jan has sent us. The idea of a set of United States postage stamps dedicated to our folk song heritage is one that deserves serious consideration. This would be a powerful tool for the introduction of folk songs in the classroom and for teaching the history that lies behind them.

Pete Seeger — Beacon N.Y.

Ray Glazer wrote the words of *'Everything Is Higher'* - tune is a Paris street song Gershwin put in *"An American in Paris."* You left out a 2nd and 4th verse:

My mother gave me a nickel
To buy a pickle.
I didn't buy no pickle
It cost a quarter
A qua qua qua qua quarter,
It cost a quarter
That little nickel pickle
It cost a quarter

My mama gave me a dollar
So I wouldn't holler
But you should hear me holler
'Cause what can you buy with
a dollar.

* * * *

Pete is referring to the song reproduced on page 9 of **The Depression and New Deal through Songs and Ballads,** Vol. XIII no. 2. Thanks, Pete, for the correction.

Marcia Bowers — Mechanicsburg PA

Congratulations on gaining nonprofit status. You certainly are!

* * * *

Nonprofit status will be of great help to us in raising funds to continue and expand our operations. We are planning these fund-raising activities now, and will let our readers know about them in the not too distant future.

Don Boklage — Harrodsburg KY

Please do an issue or two or three on U.S. children's songs that come from major cultural groups throughout the world, and one especially on the songs that grew out of the time when each of these cultural groups immigrated, in large numbers, to the States.

* * * *

We have tried to incorporate your suggestion in this issue on Children's songs. Please send criticisms and suggestions when you have examined it. We will do more such issues if our readers approve.

BEBOP YOUR BABY

by

Jenny Ruth Yasi

This article is reprinted by permission from Mothering, Fall 1993. Most of what Jenny has to say goes for us too.

I'd be a lousy mother if it weren't for singing. Any patience, tolerance, or easy-going attitude that springs out of me is not innate. It can only be credited to the power of music.

Singing disguises my worst moments, and injects lightness and humor into what might otherwise be occasions for ranting and raving. Singing when she's happy, singing when she's sad - I inherited it from my mother. Singing when it's going good, singing when it's bad. See? It's almost magic. And it's a habit that has kept me reasonably charming as a wife and mother when I could just as easily be tearing my hair out.

Over time, the sound of songful voices has become part of our home environment, taking the place of habits that offer fewer advantages. As a mood alterer, singing is cheaper than shopping, and more effective than wine. In fact, singing is surely the reason we have lived so long without a television.

To my advantage, I also play a guitar. Many evenings, my husband and I pull out a songbook and run through some favorites. "Leaving on a Jet Plane" once elicited a flood of tears from our three year old. "The daddy's going away!" she sobbed. She was wailing so hard that I had to stop strumming. "Keep playing!" she urged, tears plopping on the floor. So I kept playing, singing as best I could while my daughter and my husband cried together in a heap.

"Kiss me and smile for me. Hold me like you'll never let me go. . . ." Waahh! One day I will write to John Denver and tell him about the cathartic potential of his song.

Some tunes I've had to sing over and over before managing to work out the lump they set up in my throat. Imagine singing at night, to a candle and a lock of hair: "Where are you going, my little one, my little one? Where are you going, my baby, my own? Turn around and you're two, turn around and you're four. Turn around and you're a young girl going out of my door . . . ." That one, by Malvina Reynolds, Alan Greene, and Harry Belafonte, I save for the times I need a good cry.

Most of the time our family sings for plain survival. We sing "Head and Shoulders, Knees and Toes" while waiting in line at the grocery store. We sing Woody Guthrie's "Swim, Swim, Swimmy" to warm up to a bath, and a funky rendition of "Brush Your Teeth" while heading up the stairs at night.

It's no exaggeration to say I'd be a horrible, nasty mother, if it weren't for this one saving grace. Nor is my voice anything special. While my intonations have become more accurate over the years, I warble much the same as I did when my grade school music

teacher pleaded "Turn it down."

Before getting married, I lived rustically with some friends and their children in Vermont. Barbie would sing as she split wood, lugged water, and cooked steamy meals. The melodies were liltingly archaic and hauntingly beautiful, yet lyrically indicipherable. I assumed they were Celtic or Scottish tunes. "Heavens, no!" Barbie protested, flushing pink. "I was singing the Beatles." Thus, I learned that even if a song doesn't turn out as intended, none of the magic is lost.

As is true of most brazen singers, my courage to vocalize in public evolved in absolute privacy - while blowing bubbles in the bathtub. Soon I was singing underwater while pregnantly swimming laps in the crowded YWCA pool. Then, humming and rubber-lipping my opinion of the day in the grocery store led to mouthing the words, and now I'm almost like my mentor, Paban Daas, who peacefully and in full voice sings grace before eating, even in packed restaurants.

Singing in public runs in the human family. And from all indications, it is a trait on its way out of the modern-day closet. Signs of hope: last night my husband bravely continued his harmony while taking a ticket from the tollbooth attendant. When we stopped to order supper, the cook behind the counter was singing out loud with Neil Young. And of course our baby, Echo, can get anybody to sing their ABC's out loud. She's caused crowded buses and ferryboats to ring with song.

Watch the smiles light up around anyone who sings while walking down the street, working at a job, or playing with children. Singing is as natural to human beings as it is to birds and whales. In fact, it's as unhealthy to hold back a tune as it is to hold back a sneeze or a laugh.

Singing can alleviate all kinds of pain. During labor, I sang to the baby in my belly until, moving into second stage, I could sing no longer. All the while I sang, I experienced no pain. I've often wondered if Echo's calm entry into the world was due in some measure to that instinct-driven "labor technique." Certainly, it was a comical and endearing enough way to entertain the midwives and my husband, and to keep us all reassured that things were going well, even crescendoing.

Vocalizing is an important stress reliever outside of labor too. Yelling, some say, helps ameliorate tension ....Relief that comes in small, frequent doses like a pretty song here, a loud song there, is far more palliative. In our family, we dose up as we go along, throughout the day and week, every time inspiration strikes. Naptime and bedtime, in the car and in the bike trailer, waiting in lines or waiting for cookies to come out of the oven, all are occasions for breaking forth in celebratory and relief-giving song.

Our tunes, mostly folk melodies recalled from childhood, spin a cheerful ambience that helps us *all* move from one activity or mood to another. "Zip, zip your zipper, up to your chin. Don't let that cold wind in . . . ."

The trick is just to get started. And if I can

sing, anyone can. In fact, how anyone can raise children *without* singing is beyond me.

Most parents I know rely on "Hush, Little Baby" or "Lullaby and Good Night" for a few sleepless months....Even so, the soothing qualities of music are useful well beyond the lullaby years. In the songs we borrow or make up, children are empowered, life is magical, hope is indomitable, love is strong. Music also helps foster a group focus — in the classroom, the car, or the living room. And while songs about bugs and mud remain ever popular, children in our complicated and confusing world are just as eager to sing about deep feelings and experiences.

Don't limit yourself to age-old cradle song. *Bebop* that baby! And knick knack paddywack, fill your home with song.

One way to increase the family repertoire is to bring in lots of recorded music. We enjoy "Peace Is the World Smiling" with Holly Near, Sweet Honey in the Rock, Baba Olantunji, and others, and "Free to be You and Me" by Marlo Thomas. Look for excellent sound quality and musicality. Only consider recordings that can bear endless repetition over the family sound system, and that can be enjoyed by all family members. Most of all, explore. Consider the traditional folk recordings of Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger, Jean Ritchie, and Ella Jenkins — each of whom will furnish years' worth of wise and warm material.

Having found a selection of songs you like to sing, try modifying them to suit family needs. Adapting a song is one way of breathing forgiveness and understanding into otherwise difficult moments: "Amazing Grace! How sweet the sound!" How amazing it is that feelings of all sorts are transformed when they are expressed in music.

~

Jenny Ruth Yasi lives with her husband Albert and their daughters Sophia Elizabeth and Echo Alethea on Peaks Island, Maine. She is the author of *New Family Songs and Medicine Ways*. Island Herbalist Press, Portland, ME. 1993.

For More Information:
Music for Little People. PO Box 1460, Redway CA 95560, 800-346-4445. Produces and distributes children's instruments and music releases, including *Peace is the World Smiling*. For free catalogue, send SAE.

A Gentle Wind. PO Box 3103, Albany, NY 12203, 518-482-9203. Producer and distributor of family-oriented musical offerings, including Sara Pirtle's *The Wind is Telling Secrets*. For free catalogue, send SAE.

Sing Out! Box 1071, Easton PA 18042. This folksong quarterly features a regular column on children's music. One-year subscription, $11.00.

Blood-Patterson, Peter, with introduction by Pete Seeger, *Rise Up Singing*. Sing Out Corporation, Bethlehem PA 1988. Lyrics, chords and sources for over 1,200 songs.

SONGS FOR THE WORLD'S CHILDREN IN NORTH AMERICA.

by John Anthony Scott

INTRODUCTION *

This volume serves two main purposes. First, to provide teachers of upper elementary and junior high school grades with a number of songs for classroom use, and second, to make available an informal song book that may be used by those who work with teacher and parent groups and with student teachers.

For this issue we are providing songs in a small number of selected categories: European immigrants, African-Americans, Native Americans, Environment and Work. Some of the songs, of course, could have been listed in not one but several categories. 'Long Summer Day,' for example, is an African-American work song. '*Haul Away Joe*' is a sea shanty and also an immigrant song. In the immigrant category we have included songs in the Spanish, French and German languages. In order to demonstrate human diversity, we need to hear tongues other than English in our classrooms.

These songs present the North American experience. They provide basic source materials to convey a first impression of American life, language, and literature. Other songs could have been chosen. This small group serves the purpose of introducing the wider song literature that it mirrors.

From the 17th to the early 19th century western Europeans launched the colonization of North America, dispossessed the native peoples who lived there, and laid the foundations of a new society. This is the historical period which these songs illuminate.

EUROPEAN IMMIGRANTS

Our first group of songs introduces the culture and the life of the first western Europeans who came to North America. Many of these settlers, probably a

*Please note: All the songs are not in the same order as the song notes

majority, belonged to four separate peoples who inhabited the British Isles: Scottish, Irish, Welsh, and English. Almost all the songs chosen are about young people, and thus easy for students to identify with. With the help of these songs we can form an impression of the character of the people who sang them, and whose culture they mirror. What were the people like, who came to North America two or three hundred years *ago? This is a question that students may be invited to think about. These songs will provide a number of clues.*

'The Water is Wide', (page 15) is one of the oldest in the song heritage the English brought with them. It is an example of lyric poetry; the utterance, that is, of a single person giving expression to his or her own deep feelings. In this case it is a cry of pain from love that brings joy and inflicts sorrow at the same time.

'The Golden Vanity', (page 16) has its own special appeal to the young. Its hero is a teenager, hardy, bold, and ambitious. The dialogue in the second and third verses between the cabin boy and the captain endows the song with drama. *'The Golden Vanity'*, by contrast with the lyrical *'The Water Is Wide'*, is a ballad, which tells a story rather than gives expression to personal feelings. Many of these old English and Scottish ballads survive; British immigrants to North America have taken them into every state in the Union. The ballads are of great value in the classroom because they provide models of how to tell a story; how to unfold it in an orderly fashion, how to provide the essential facts without editorializing, and how to endow the whole with human warmth and vividness. Ballads need not be differentiated too sharply from lyric poetry. *'The Golden Vanity'*, for example, has a lyrical refrain at the end of each verse: *As we sailed along the lowland, lowland, low, / As we sailed along the lowland sea.*/ Refrains such as this are to be found in many traditional ballads. They intertwine images of nature with the action. They keep before our eyes the natural stage on which the human drama is played out.

'The Devil's Questions', (18) provides us with an excellent example of the riddle song. The riddle song goes back to the roots of the European song tradition. Note also in this song a device much practised in our folk art: repetition. Repetition enables us to learn melodies and to follow a story line with ease and pleasure. The use of repetition, too, is one reason why folk songs are so useful in teaching reading and vocabulary today. Repetition reinforces our grasp of words and also teaches their pronunciation.

'A Paper of Pins', is a courting song and has a dialogue with an appeal to the young. In colonial days young people seldom found themselves alone in the house. Many people lived in one-room cabins where there was little privacy, especially in the winter. When a young man came calling he had to do his courting in public. Answer-back songs like this one became popular. In this case the young man, having tried to win his lady's affections with a variety of gifts which she spurns, ends by offering her money and bringing the conversation to an unexpected close. *'A Paper of Pins'* demonstrates the power of song to fire the imagination. The little play is acted out, as it were, on a bare stage: the youth does not display his wares as a salesman might. Listeners have to see for themselves *'the dress of red, stitched all around with golden thread,* and *'the blue silk gown, with golden tassels hanging down,'* that the young man is offering. Why does he offer the girl *'a paper of pins?'* There were few stores where frontier people or small farmers could buy the necessities they could not produce themselves. Pins in colonial times were one of those few indispensable but expensive items that had to be imported from Europe.

'Doodle, Doodle, Doodle Dandy', is a marching song from the Revolutionary War (1775—83). It was sung by New York militiamen who were preparing to march down from Newburgh and to occupy New York City at the end of the war. Marching rations, it seems, included pumpkins, corn, molasses and pork. The song reminds us of the fact that war was an ever present reality in the colonial experience. Sung a capella, or to a simple drumbeat, or to the sound of tramping feet as the students themselves march and sing, it brings the sound of war into the classroom.

'Shady Grove', is a love song from Kentucky that has been handed down in oral tradition. There is, as far as we know, no exact counterpart to *Shady Grove* in the British song heritage. This is a truly original Anglo-American lyric. It paints vivid, sensuous images with just a handful of words and a brief refrain. Most of the words have one syllable, a few have two, but not one more than that. Sources: Eleanor G. Locke, *Sail Away: 155 American Folk Songs to Sing and Play.* New York: Boosey and Hawkes, revised edition, 1988. Additional verses from: Irwin and Fred Silber, *Folksinger's Wordbook, Deluxe Edition,* Oak Publications, 1973. We first learned this song from the singing of Jean Ritchie.

'The Keel Row', (page 30) is a Scottish song, from the river Tyne, probably composed in the 18th century. It is a song of, by, and for the young. The Tyne rises in the Cheviot Hills that mark the border between England and Scotland, and flows south and east through Northumberland to empty its waters into the North Sea. The ancient coal center of Newcastle lies not far from the Tyne's mouth. Newcastle was, even in the 17th century, a principal source for the supply of England's coal. The flat-bottomed barges the coal was carried in were called *'keels.'* The men who rowed and steered these boats wore blue woolen bonnets and were called keelmen. *'The Keel Row'* is boat song, coalheaver's song and love song all in one. Tyne women sang it to celebrate the rivermen in their lives. The melody has long been one of Britain's best-loved fiddle tunes: generations of young people have danced the reel to it.

'Hi! Ho! The Rattlin' Bog', (page 24) is a lighthearted Irish song which young people love to sing. The refrain is a cascade of incremental repetition. Building up a landscape image by image, it enables us to *'see'* and 'sing' that landscape with ease. The world that the song describes may be explored all the way down to the molecule, its component atoms, and on to the subatomic particles, ending with the quark, or whatever. *'Hi! Ho! The Rattlin' Bog'* teaches the interconnectedness of all things in the world in vivid, simple terms. If the recognition of this cosmic linkage is a sign of intelligence (as some say), then singing songs such as this may make people wiser than they were before.

'Petit Tambour', (page 22) is one of many charming children's songs that come from France. French seafarers and settlers brought many of their songs to Quebec and the other provinces of eastern Canada, where their descendants live to this day. Like the courting song *'A Paper of Pins,'* *'Petit Tambour'* has an unexpected ending. Would a drummer boy have dared to snub a monarch in this way? Perhaps the last verse was added during or after the French Revolution of 1789, when republican sentiments were becoming popular.

The song derives its vitality from its images (a rose, sailing ships, gold, jewelry) and from the dialogue between the boy, the princess, and the king. It may be sung a capella by four participants (boy, princess, king, narrator), with a drumbeat as the only accompaniment. Persuade four students to rehearse the song and then perform it. This is a fine way to teach the others. *'Petit Tambours'* is also helpful in teaching French vocabulary and pronunciation. In each verse the words are

repeated not once but three times!

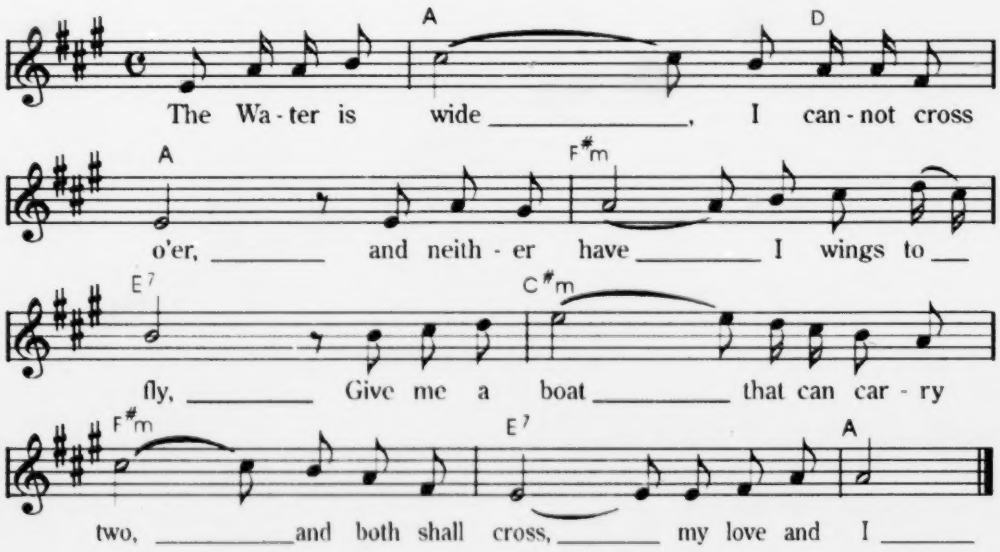
The hero of this song is a drummer boy, just as the hero of *'The Golden Vanity'* is a cabin boy. Why did European and American armies use drummer boys? Some of the students might do research to find out what they can learn about drummer boys and their lives during the Revolutionary War and the Civil War. With luck they will turn up drawings, paintings and photographs. Note that when the drummer boy proposes marriage, the princess in effect replies: 'all such requests should be addressed to my father.' The custom of asking the father for his daughter's 'hand in marriage' is very old in European society. The song here provides an opportunity for research into this particular and fascinating item of social history.

'De Colores' (page 26) is from Mexico, and is to be numbered among the most beautiful Spanish language songs that we have. At the simplest level it is a children's song about a rooster, a hen, and chicks. At another level it is a lyric expression of delight at the world and the glory of nature. At still another level it may be used to help raise young people's awareness about the environment and the need for its preservation.

'Heidenröslein', (page 28) is a song about a boy and a wild rose. Closer inspection reveals a deeper meaning. The song echoes the theme of *'The Water Is Wide'*: *'I put my hand into one soft bush, / Thinking the sweetest flower to find. / I pricked my finger to the bone, / And left the sweetest flower alone.'* Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749—1832), one of Europe's great lyric poets, is the author. Various people have set his verses to music; here we use the melody provided by Franz Peter Schubert (1797—1828). Schubert was an Austrian composer of genius who died in the prime of youth; he wrote many melodies whose lyric beauty is unsurpassed. *'Heidenröslein'*, as a joint creation of Goethe and Schubert, was used during the latter half of the 19th century and the early years of the 20th in the classes of American *Singvereinen*, or singing clubs conducted by the German speaking community. Anti-German feeling generated by World War I may have been responsible for the termination of these schools and the heritage they preserved. The melody is more difficult to learn than some. But take heart from the words of George Bernard Shaw: "If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing badly." This lovely song is very much worth doing.

The Water Is Wide

This song is a variant of a Scottish lament first published in the 1720's and reproduced in Francis J. Child, ***The English and Scottish Popular Ballads***


A
D
The Wa - ter is wide _____, I can - not cross
A
F#m
o'er, _____ and neith - er have _____ I wings to ___
E7
C#m
fly, _____ Give me a boat _____ that can car - ry
F#m
E7
A
two, _____and both shall cross, _____ my love and I _____

There is a ship, she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be;
But not so deep as the love I'm in,
And I know not how, I sink or swim.

I leaned my back against an oak,
Thinking it was a trusty tree;
But then he bended and then he broke,
And thus did my false love to me.

I put my hand into one soft bush,
Thinking the sweetest flower to find.
I pricked my finger to the bone,
And left the sweetest flower alone.

Must I go bound and he go free,
Must I love one that don't love me?
Why should I act such a childish part,
And love a boy that will break my heart?

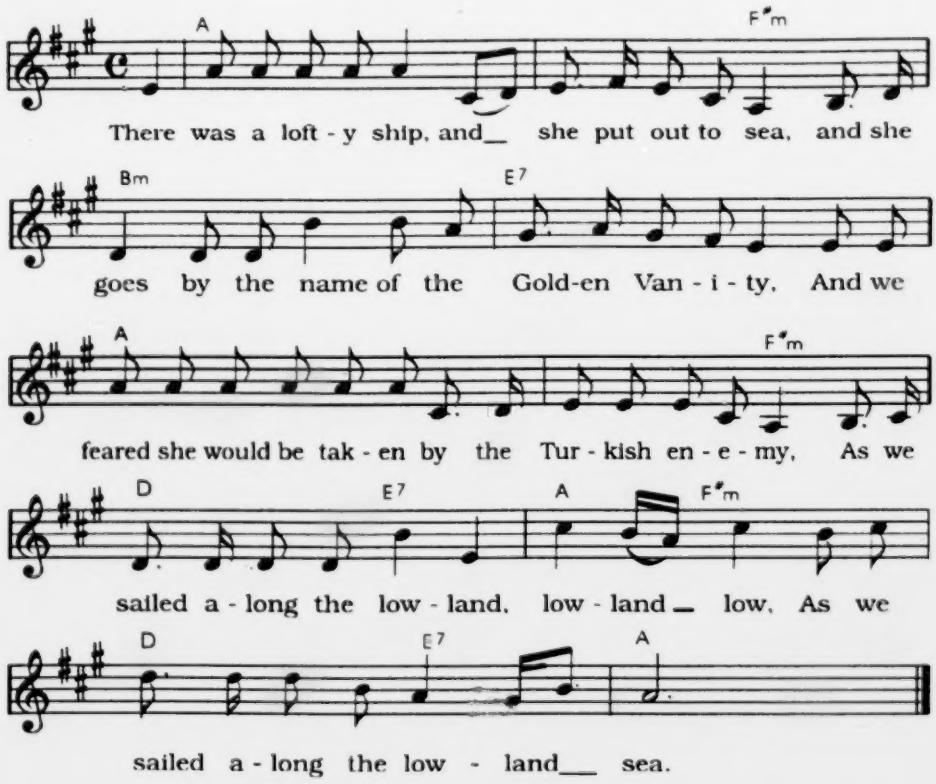
Oh love is handsome and love is fine,
Gay as a jewel when first it is new;
But love grows old and waxes* cold,
And fades away like the morning dew.

Oh western wind, when wilt thou blow,
And shake the green leaves from the tree?
Oh gentle death, when wilt thou come,
And take a life that wearies me?

waxes: archaic word for 'grows'. from German: wachsen

The Golden Vanity

Child Ballad No 286


A
F♯m
There was a loft - y ship, and_ she put out to sea, and she
Bm
E7
goes by the name of the Gold-en Van - i - ty, And we
A
F♯m
feared she would be tak - en by the Tur - kish en - e - my, As we
D
E7
A
F♯m
sailed a - long the low - land, low - land_ low, As we
D
E7
A
sailed a - long the low - land___ sea.

Oh, we had a little cabin boy, and boldly up spoke he,
And he said to the captain, "What will you give to me,
If I'll swim alongside of the Turkish enemy,
And sink her in the lowland, lowland low,
And sink her in the lowland sea?"

"Oh, I will give you silver and I will give you gold,
And my only daughter your bonny bride shall be,
If you'll swim alongside of the Turkish enemy,
And you'll sink them in the lowland, lowland low,
If you'll sink them in the lowland sea."

Then the boy made him ready, and overboard sprang he,
And he swam till he came to the Turkish enemy,
Then with his auger sharp in her sides he bored holes three,
And he sank her in the lowland, lowland low,
He sank her in the lowland sea.

Now some were playing at cards and some were playing at dice,
And some were sitting by giving very good advice,
Until the salt water it flashed into their eyes,
And it sank them in the lowland, lowland low,
It sank them in the lowland sea.

Then the boy swam back to the cheering of the crew,
But the captain would not heed him, for his promise he did rue,
And he scorned his proud entreaties, though full loudly he did sue,
And he left him in the lowland, lowland low,
He left him in the lowland sea.

So the boy swam round til he came to the larboard side,
And to his messmates bitterly he cried,
"Oh messmates pick me up, for I'm drifting with the tide,
And I'm sinking in the lowland, lowland low,
I'm sinking in the lowland sea."

Then his messmates took him up, and upon the deck he died,
And they sewed him in his hammock, which was so large and wide,
And they lowered him overboard, and he drifted with the tide,
And he sank beneath the lowland, lowland low,
He sank beneath the lowland sea.

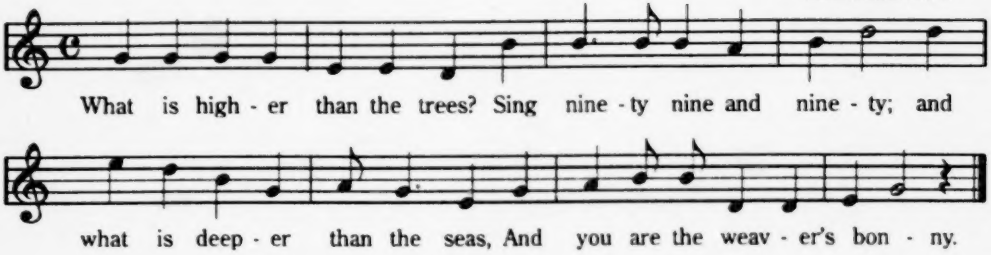
vocabulary source: Child Ballad No. 286

rue: regret sue: plead, beg
auger: carpenter's tool for boring large holes in wood.
larboard side: the left-hand side of a ship as you face the bow.

The Devil's Questions

The Riddle Song

Child Ballad No. 1.



Oh, what is whiter than the milk,
Sing ninety nine and ninety;
Or what is softer than the silk?
And you are the weaver's bonny

And snow is whiter than the milk,
Sing ninety and ninety;
And love is softer than the silk.
And you are the weaver's bonny.

Oh, what is sharper than the thorn,
And what is louder than the horn?

Oh, hunger's sharper than the thorn,
And thunder's louder than the horn.

Oh, what is greener than the grass,
Or what is worse than woman was?

Oh, poison's greener than the grass,
And the Devil's worse than woman was.

Oh, what is longer than the way,
And what is colder than the clay?

Oh, wind is longer than the way,
And death is colder than the clay.

Oh, what is higher than the trees.
And what is deeper than the seas.

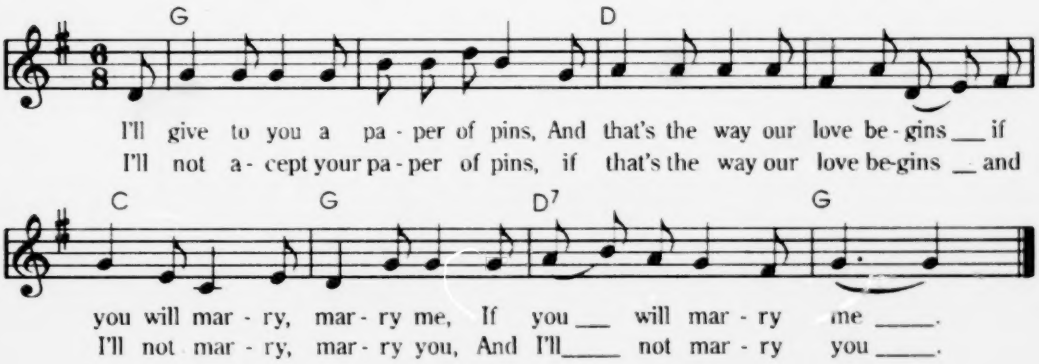
Oh, heaven's higher than the trees.
And hell is deeper than the seas.

Bonny : Synonym for 'darling'. Used in years gone by mostly as an adjective denoting fine or beautiful. eg. bonny boy.

note: "Or what is worse than woman was?" This refers to the Biblical story that Eve tricked Adam into eating the apple of knowledge, and so was responsible for man's fall.

Paper of Pins

This is a New England variant of the English song, 'Madam, Will You Walk?', or, "The Keys of Canterbury'. For a version from Utah see, John Langstaff, Hi! Ho! The Rattlin' Bog (New York, 1969)


G
D
I'll give to you a pa - per of pins, And that's the way our love be - gins ___ if
I'll not a - cept your pa - per of pins, if that's the way our love be-gins ___ and
C
G
D7
G
you will mar - ry, mar - ry me, If you ___ will mar - ry me ____.
I'll not mar - ry, mar - ry you, And I'll____ not mar - ry you ____.

"I'll give to you a dress of red,
Stitched all around with golden thread,
If you will marry, marry me,
If you will marry me."
"I'll not accept your dress of red
Stitched all around with golden thread,
And I'll not marry, marry you,
And I'll not marry you."

"I'll give to you a blue silk gown,
With golden tassels hanging down," etc.
"I'll not accept your blue silk gown,
With golden tassels hanging down," etc.

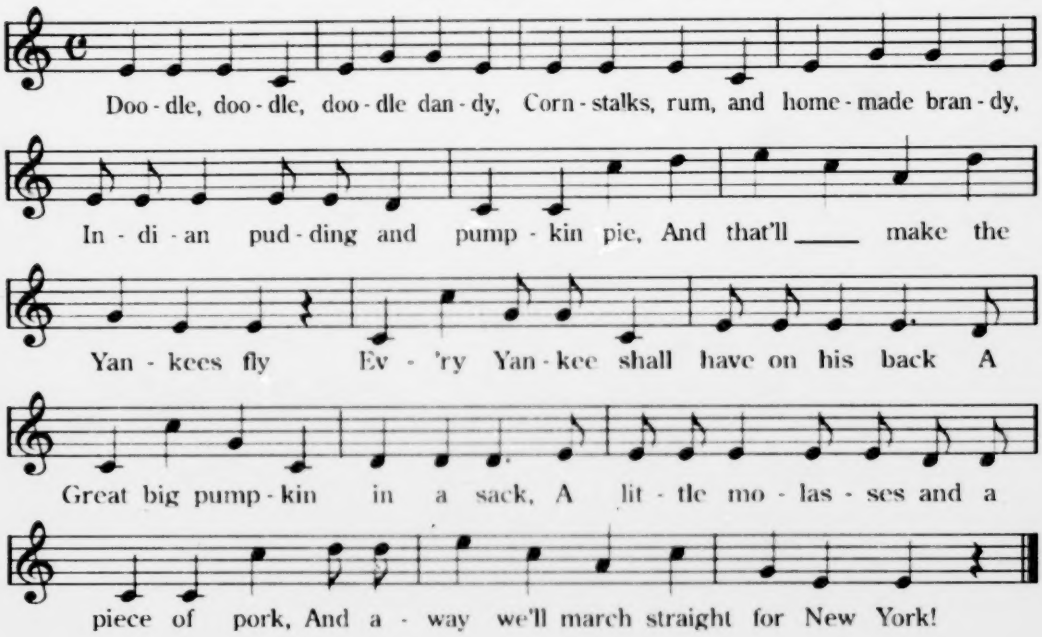
"I'll give to you a coach and four
That you may visit from door to door," etc.
"I'll not accept your coach and four
That I may visit from door to door," etc.

"I'll give to you the keys to my chest,
That you may have money at your re
quest," etc.
"I will accept the keys to your chest,
That I may have money at my request,
And I will marry, marry you,
And I will marry you."

"Sugar and spices, coffee and tea,
You love my money and you don't love me,
And I'll not marry, marry you,
And I'll not marry you."

Doodle Dandy

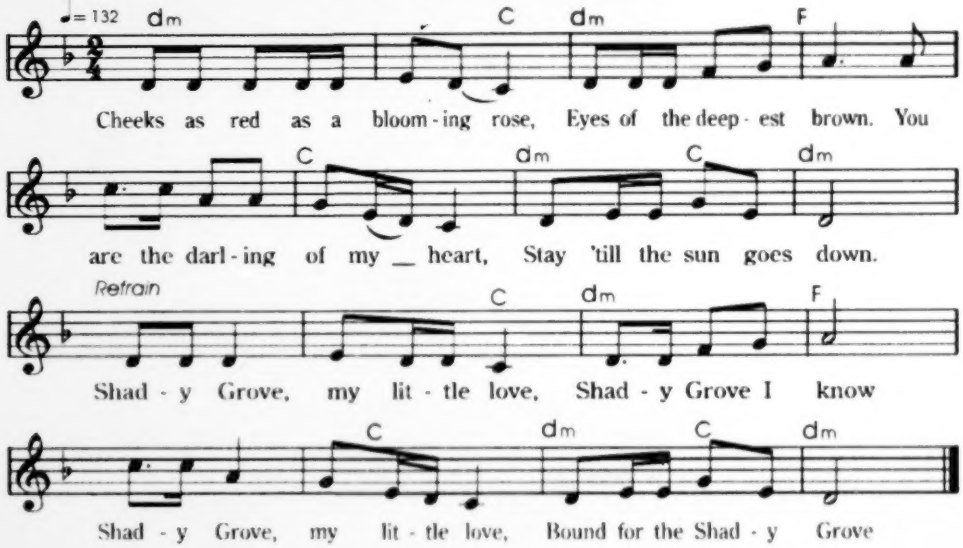
Words and music collected, adapted and arranged by Frank Warner


Doo - dle, doo - dle, doo - dle dan - dy, Corn - stalks, rum, and home - made bran - dy,
In - di - an pud - ding and pump - kin pie, And that'll ____ make the
Yan - kees fly Ev - 'ry Yan - kee shall have on his back A
Great big pump - kin in a sack, A lit - tle mo - las - ses and a
piece of pork, And a - way we'll march straight for New York!

Doodle, doodle, doodle dandy,
Cornstalks, rum and a home-made brandy,
Indian pudding and a pumkin pie,
And that 'll make the Yankees fly!
Every Yankee shall have on his back
A great big pumkin in a sack,
A little molasses and a piece of pork,
And away we'll march straight for New York.

source: *Traditional American Folk Songs from the Anne and Frank Warner Collection.*
Syracuse University Press, 1984

SHADY GROVE


♩= 132
dm C dm F
Cheeks as red as a bloom - ing rose, Eyes of the deep - est brown. You
C dm C dm
are the darl - ing of my _ heart, Stay 'till the sun goes down.
Refrain
C dm F
Shad - y Grove, my lit - tle love, Shad - y Grove I know
C dm C dm
Shad - y Grove, my lit - tle love, Bound for the Shad - y Grove

Shady grove my little love,
Standing in the cabin door,
Shoes and stockings in her hand,
Pretty little feet on the floor

Refrain

Wish I had a golden thread,
Fine as I could sew,
I'd sew that girl to my coat tails,
Down the road I'd go.

Refrain

I wish I had a banjo string,
Made of golden twine,
Every tune I'd pick on it,
I'd wish that gal was mine.

Refrain

Coffee grows on a white oak tree,
River flows with brandy,
I'm in love with a pretty little miss,
Sweet as sugar candy.

Refrain

Shady grove my true love,
Shady grove I know,
Shady Grove, my true love,
I'm bound for the shady grove.

Refrain

Fly around my blue-eyed girl,
Fly around my daisy,
Fly around my blue-eyed girl,
nearly drives me crazy.

Refrain

Wish I had a big fine horse,
Corn to feed him on,
Pretty little girl to stay at home,
Feed him when I'm gone.

Refrain

Peaches in the summertime,
Apples in the fall,
If I can't have the girl I love,
I don't want none at all.

Refrain

Petit Tambour (Drummer Boy)

F
Pe - tit tam - bour s'en re - ve - nait de
C
guer - re, Pe - tit tam bour s'en
F C F 3
re - ven- ait de guerre, Et ri et - ran, ran - pa - ta -
C F C F
plan, s'en re - ven - ait de guer - re.

Petit tambour, s'en revenait de guerre,
Petit tambour, s'en revenait de guerre,
Et ri et ron, ran-pa-ta-plan,
S'en revenait de guerre.

Little drummer boy, returning home from war,
Little drummer boy, returning home from war,
Et ri et ron, ran-pa-ta-plan,
Returning home from war.

Sur son chemin, rencontr' une princesse (twice)
Et ri et ron, ran-pa-ta-plan,
Rencontr' une princesse.

24

As he travelled on, he met a young princess (twice),
Et ri et ron, ran-pa-ta-plan,
He met a young princess.

"Sire le roi, veux-tu m'donner ta fille," etc.
"Royal Majesty, will you give me your daughter," etc.

"Petit tambour, tu n'es pas assez riche," etc.
"Little drummer boy, you have no gold nor silver," etc.

"j'ai trois vasseaux dessus la mer jolie," etc.
"Royal Majesty, I have three ships a-sailing," etc.

"L'un chargé d'or, l'autre d'argent qui brille," etc.
"The first ship bears gold, the second, shining silver," etc.

"Et le troisièm', c'est pour emm'ner ta fille," etc.
"The third ship is here, to bear away your daughter," etc.

"Petit tambour, je te donne ma fille," etc.
"Little drummer boy, I'll give to you my daughter," etc.

"Sire le roi, je vous en remercie, etc.
"Royal majesty, I thank you for this favor," etc.

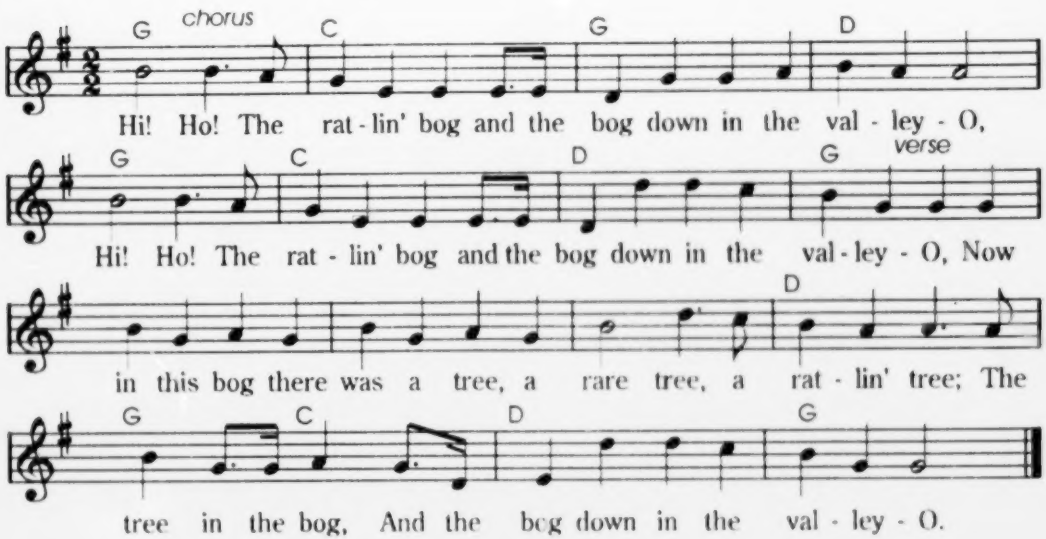
"Dans mon pays, y'en a de plus jolies," etc.
"In my homeland, the girls are far more lovely," etc.

---

source: *Chantons au vent* (1936), and *Anthologie de la Chanson Enfantine* (1993); melody traditional. Translation by John Anthony Scott.

Hi! Ho! The Rattlin' Bog

source: tr. ditional. Reproduced in
Jack Langstaff, ed., *Hi! Ho! The Rattlin' Bog.*


G chorus C G D
Hi! Ho! The rat - lin' bog and the bog down in the val - ley - O,
G C D G verse
Hi! Ho! The rat - lin' bog and the bog down in the val - ley - O, Now
D
in this bog there was a tree, a rare tree, a rat - lin' tree; The
G C D G
tree in the bog, And the bog down in the val - ley - O.

chorus

Now in this bog there was a tree, a rare tree, a rattlin' tree;
The tree in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley O.

chorus

Now on this tree there was a limb, a rare limb, a rattlin' limb;
The limb on the tree and the tree in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley O,

chorus

Now on this limb there was a branch, a rare branch a rattlin' branch
The branch on the limb, and the limb on the tree,
And the tree in the bog,
And the bog down in the valley O!

chorus

Now on this branch there was a nest, a rare nest, a rattlin' nest;
The nest on the branch, and the branch on the limb, etc.

chorus

Now in this nest there was an egg, a rare egg, a rattlin' egg;
The egg in the nest, and the nest on the branch, etc.

chorus

Now in this egg there was a bird, a rare bird, a rattlin' bird;
The bird in the nest, and the nest on the branch, etc.

De Colores

♩=66
C
De ___ co - lo - res, ___ de co - lo - res se vis - ten los
G7
cam - pos en la pri - ma - ver - ra, ___ De ___ co - lo - res, ___ de co
lo - res son los pa - ja - ri - tos que vie - nen dea -
C
fue - ra. ___ De ___ co - lo - res, ___ de co
F
lo - res es el ar - co i - ris que ve - mos lu - cir, ___
C
y por e - so los gran - des a - mo - res de mu - chos co -
G7
C
lo res me gus - tan a mi ___

De colores, de colores se vistan los campos en la primavera,
De colores, de colores son los pajaritos que vienen de afuera.
De colores, de colores es el arco iris que vemos lucir,
Y por eso los grandes amores de muchos colores me gustan a mi.

Folksong In The Classroom P.O. Box 925 Sturbridge, Ma 01566

(literal translation: not for singing)

With colors the fields are clothed in spring
Of many colors are the little birds who come from afar.
Of many colors is the rainbow we see shining.
And that is why I love this colorful world so much.

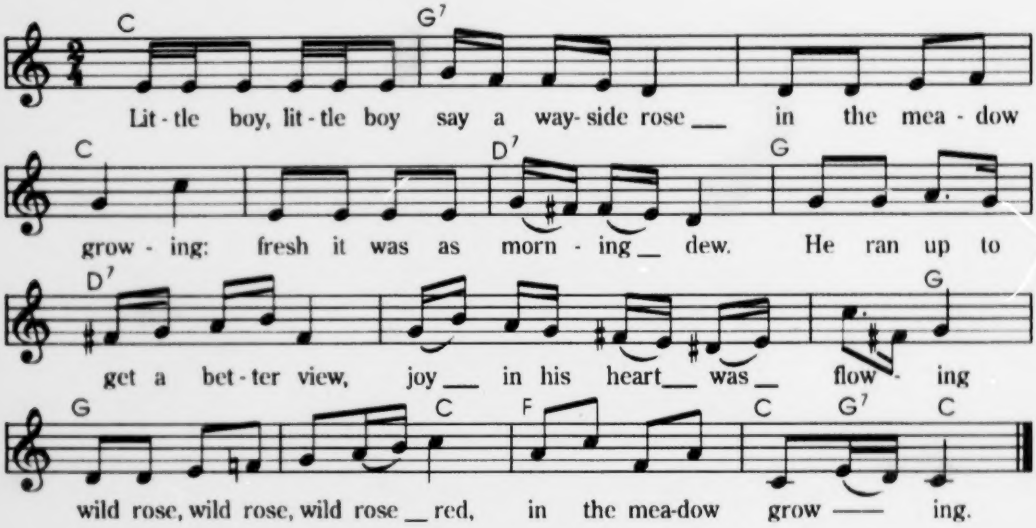
Canto el gallo, canto el gallo con el quiri, quiri, quiri, quiri, quiri,
La gallina, la gallina con el cara, cara, cara, cara, cara,
Los polluelos, los polluelos con el pio, pio, pio, pio, pio,
Y por eso los grandes amores de muchos colores me gustan a mi.

The rooster crows 'quiri, quiri, quiri, quiri, quiri,'
The hen sings 'cara, cara, cara, cara, cara,'
The chicks go 'pio, pio, pio, pio, pio,'
And that is why I love this colorful world so much.

---

source: Eleanor G. Locke, *Sail Away. 155 American Folk Songs to Sing and Play.* New York: Boosey and Hawkes, revised edition, 1988
English translation adapted by FOLKSONG IN THE CLASSROOM.

Heidenröslein *(Wild Rose)*


C G7
Lit - tle boy, lit - tle boy say a way- side rose ___ in the mea - dow
C D7 G
grow - ing: fresh it was as morn - ing__ dew. He ran up to
D7 G
get a bet - ter view, joy___ in his heart___ was__ flow - ing
G C F C G7 C
wild rose, wild rose, wild rose__ red, in the mea-dow grow —— ing.

Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein steh'n,
Roslein auf der Heiden;
War so jung und morgenschon,
Lief er schnell, es nah zu seh'n.
Sah's mit vielen Freuden;
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Little boy, little boy saw a wayside rose
In the meadow growing;
Fresh it was as morning dew,
He ran up to get a better view.
Joy in his heart was flowing.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
In the meadow growing.

Folksong In The Classroom P.O. Box 925 Sturbridge, Ma 01566

Knabe sprach, "Ich breche dich,"
Röslein auf der Heiden;
Röslein sprach, "Ich steche dich,
Dass du ewig denkst an mich,
Und ich will's nicht leiden."
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

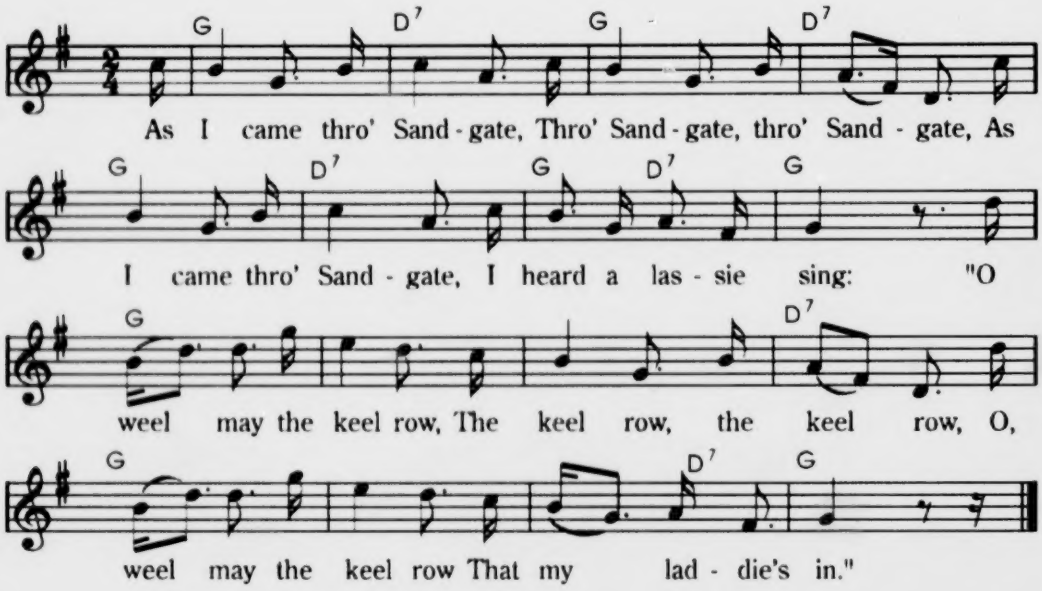
Said the boy "I'll pluck and take you home,"
Wild rose in the meadow;
Said the Rose, "You'd better watch out,
I may be small, but I've got clout;
You will always remember me."
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red
Wild Rose in the meadow.

Und der wilde Knabe brach
's Röslein auf der Heiden;
Röslein wehrte sich und stach
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,
Musst es eben leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden

Little boy, little boy plucked the red rose,
Growing in the meadow;
He felt the sting of thorns in his flesh,
He cried out loud in keen distress;
Vainly he laments his woes.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
In the meadow growing.

lyrics: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
melody: Franz Schubert
translation: John Anthony Scott

THE KEEL ROW


G D7 G D7
As I came thro' Sand - gate, Thro' Sand - gate, thro' Sand - gate, As
G D7 G D7 G
I came thro' Sand - gate, I heard a las - sie sing: "O
G D7
weel may the keel row, The keel row, the keel row, O,
G D7 G
weel may the keel row That my lad - die's in."

As I came through Sandgate,
Through Sandgate, through Sandgate,
As I came through Sandgate,
I heard a lassie sing:
"Oh, weel may the keel row.
The keel row, the keel row,
Oh, weel may the keel row
That my laddie's in.

"He wears a blue bonnet,
Blue bonnet, blue bonnet;
He wears a blue bonnet
A dimple on his chin:
And weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
And weel may the keel row,
That my laddie's in."

William Cole, *Folk Songs of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales*. Double Day, 1961

note: *Weel* is the Scottish form of *well*

AFRICAN AMERICAN PEOPLE

The Grey Goose , (page 32) is a work song from the Brazos River in Texas. Believed to have originated in slavery days, it has survived in oral tradition until recent times. John and Alan Lomax recorded it from the singing of Black convicts in a Texas State Penitentiary. The gang leader, Iron Head, "...in typical African work-song style, sang the story lines of the song, while the gang replied with, 'Lawd, Lawd, Lawd', after every line." (*Folk Song USA* New York: The New American Library, paperback,1966. pages 28-9).

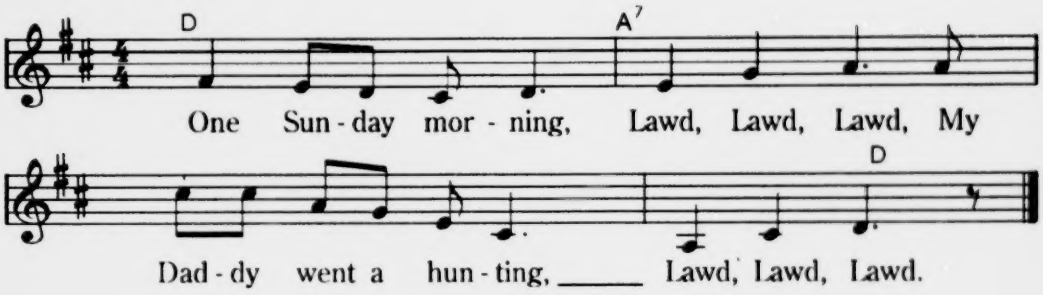
For children *'The Grey Goose* is a tall tale: no matter what the hunters and their friends do, they cannot kill the goose. The ballad unfolds a story remarkable for speed of action, vividness of imagery, and simplicity of language. There are no more than ten two-syllable words in all 13 verses; the rest are monosyllables.

What is the habitat of the wild goose and where does it go in winter? Where does it breed, and raise its young? Introduce the song after the children have made a preliminary study of wild geese, have, if possible, watched them, collected pictures, have drawn or painted them, or looked them up in a field guide.

'The Grey Goose' is a song about birds, hunters, and flight. It is also an introduction to the theme of the African-American people's three hundred year long struggle for freedom. Their story is intertwined with all of modern North American history. Today American children need to be taught that the United States takes pride in people of African as well as European origins; that the story of Black America is not 'somebody else's history,' but their own.

Encouraging young people to love the wild geese and to delight in the story of the grey goose, is not a bad way to begin.

The Grey Goose



(repeat the refrain 'Lawd, Lawd. Lawd,' after each line)

'Long came a grey goose,
Well, up to his shoulder.

The gun went off a-boula!
And down came the grey goose.

Down he came a-fallin',
He was six weeks a-fallin'.

Then your wife and my wife,
They gave a feather pickin'.

They were six weeks a-pickin',
Yes, six weeks a-pickin'.

He was six weeks a-cookin',
And they put him on the table.

And the fork couldn't stick him,
And the knife couldn't cut him.

Well, they throwed him in the hog pen
An' the hog couldn't eat him.

So they took him to the saw mill,
Yes, they took him to the saw mill.

The saw couldn't cut him,
An' he broke the saw's teeth out.

An' the last time I seed him,
He was flyin' over the ocean.

With a long string of goslins,
An' they all gwine 'quink, quonk.'

---

source: Eleanor G. Locke, *Sail Away. 155 American Folk Songs to Sing and Play.* New York: Boosey and Hawkes, revised edition, 1988.

NATIVE AMERICAN

Teachers at the elementary level have long understood the importance of teaching children about the Native Americans. Not infrequently such teaching has centered around folk tales and myths, methods of spinning and weaving, clothing, the culture of maize and the cooking of foods. But there has been some hesitation in teaching Native American songs. These are seen as 'difficult.' They are written in languages we do not understand. They are monosyllabic chants with tonal scales unfamiliar to our ears.

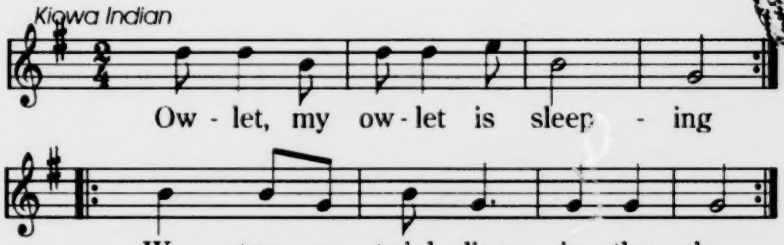
Native American songs can play an invaluable part in introducing students to the study of Native American cultures. It is time to adopt a fresh approach to this song heritage. The more exposure we are given to Native American music the more familiar it becomes to us. Native American languages, too, may be translated like other languages. As for songs sung on syllables rather than words, these *calls* are by far the easiest for us to begin with. They consist of the simplest types of note phrases, or 'tone-sets'. The two songs which we include in this category: *'My Owlet'* and *'The Owl Sings'*, (page 34) are hardly more than calls. Both are also lullabies.

'My Owlet' is Kiowa. Sung on four notes, it is the kind of call that children make up naturally. This may be illustrated by substituting "Johnny, oh Johnny, where are you?" It is easy for students to borrow these calls and make up their own verses. *'The Owl Sings'* is a Yuma song, sung on five notes, and equally appropriate as a source for calls.

These lullaby-calls, with their few words and sounds, create a mood for us. Out on the vast high plains, or on the desert lands of southern Arizona, mothers sing to their babies under the stars, swaying gently back and forth as they sing. Night's shadow lies over a quiet world turning toward the dawn.

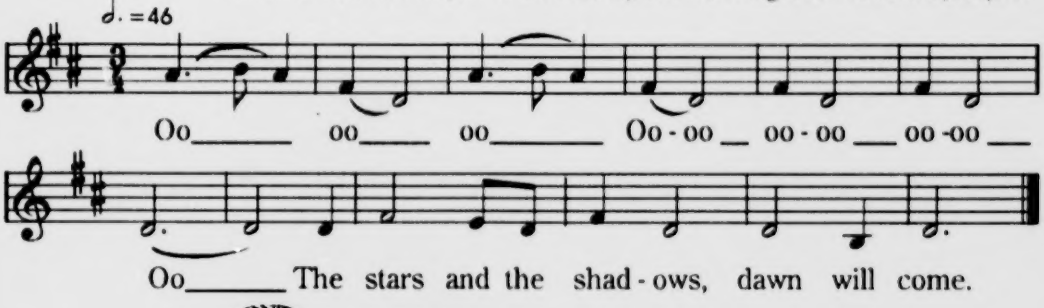
My Owlet

Kiowa Indian



The Owl Sings

A Yuma Indian lullaby: the owl has a powerful magic to the Yuma people.



The ferruginous owl
of Southern Arizona

Source: Eleanor G. Locke, *Sail Away: 155 American Folk Songs to Sing and Play*. New York: Boosey and Hawkes, revised edition, 1988

WORK

The songs of America's working people provide a wealth of material for classroom use. The range is wide; songs of farmers, factory workers, lumbermen and loggers, seafarers, construction workers, cattle herders, railroad workers, field hands, miners and artisans. These songs are first-rate original sources for the study of these people's lives, feelings, struggles, and achievements. Before the Industrial Revolution had fully taken hold, most work was hard physical labor where songs had their own special role to play. Songs helped the dull hours to pass; they inspired exhausted men and women to go on until the job was done.

'Haul Away Joe' (page 38). From the start of colonization until well into the 19th century European-Americans were great seafaring people. To carry commercial cargoes, to hunt the whale and to work the fisheries they sailed to the farthest oceans. Their ships helped transport millions of immigrants to North American shores: until the twentieth century there was no other way to come, except by sea.

'Haul Away Joe' is one of many songs which ship crews sang as they went about their work. When a sail had to be hauled in against the wind, the crew picked up the rope (sheet) attached to the sail, and fought a tug-of-war to draw it in. This was done in a series of short sharp hauls, when all the men pulled together on the word *'Joe!'* of the song's chorus. After each haul the crew leader sang out a new line of the song, while the men caught their breath, got a fresh grip on the rope, and joined in the chorus, ending, of course, with a mighty thrust on *'Joe!'* Frederick Pease Harlow in his book, ***Chanteying Aboard American Ships***, writes:

> To appreciate this chantey one must actually see or take part in the work. To stand knee deep in water at the lee scuppers*, the seas breaking over the vessel as she gathers headway under the new stretch of canvas; with decks awash and the whole crew stringing out with feet braced, holding the foresheet with a deathlike grip in an effort to gain, foot by foot, the necessary amount of the sheet from the balloon-like sail, which is straining and groaning to be free from the boltropes**....

*scuppers are drainage ports cut in the ship's side to permit seawater that has flooded the deck to drain away.

**Boltropes are stitched to the sails at their edges, and prevent them from being torn to ribbons in a high wind.

This song can be demonstrated with an appropriate group. All you need is a long rope and plenty of space, preferably out of doors. Divide the class into two roughly equal teams, and let them have a tug-of-war. Provide one side with a leader who will encourage his crew to haul rhythmically, singing *'Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe!'* After a while take the leader and the song away, and give them to the other side. See what happens.

'Long Summer Day' (page 39). Alan Lomax collected this song in south Texas. He calls it "One of the few authentic slave work songs, text and tune, that have been found anywhere." The song makes a serious point in a lighthearted way. Students learn it easily. The lyric has some features in common with the *'Grey Goose'*, in particular the pace with which the story unfolds, the vivid images, the repetition, and the simplicity of the language.

The 'set' where the action takes place is a plantation in the Cotton Kingdom. The master and mistress are sitting in the parlor - or maybe rocking on the porch - drowsily relaxing in the heat. It is harvest time and the fields are as white as snow with fluffy cotton bolls. All day long the bondsmen and bondswomen must pick cotton in the hot sun for fifteen or sixteen hours, or more. When there is a full moon they will toil far into the night.

Solomon Northup, a New York citizen who was kidnapped in 1842 and sold into slavery in Louisiana, described the scene in his *Twelve Years a Slave:*

> The hands are required to be in the cotton fields as soon as it is light in the morning, and, with the exception of ten or fifteen minutes, which is given them at noon to swallow their allowance of cold bacon, they are not permitted to be a moment idle until it is too dark to see, and, when the moon is full, they often labor until the middle of the night....Finally, at a late hour, they reach the quarters, sleepy and overcome with the day's toil. Then a fire must be kindled in the cabin, the corn ground in the small hand-mill, and supper, and dinner for the next day in the field, prepared....An hour before daylight the horn is blown. (*Twelve Years a Slave*, edited by Sue Eakin and Joseph Logsdon (Baton Rouge: Louisiana University Press, 1977 printing), pages 126-8

The long summer day awakens in the slave's heart a great desire to run away. Where will he run if he flees? To a neighboring plantation, perhaps, to 'see his Mary.' When he comes back he will surely face a lashing. The conflict of interest between master

and slave; one seeking to exploit, the other to flee exploitation, is conveyed simply but graphically. The master and mistress are, *'Just a figurin' and a studyin' how to make a slave work harder'* versus *'Long summer day make a slave run away, sir.'*

How does a singer cram *'figurin' and a studyin' how to make a slave work harder'* into a single bar with four beats? (a) Recite the words slowly, at whatever tempo you are comfortable with; (b) repeat several times, gradually speeding the tempo; (c) do it over, singing instead of reciting. With a little practice it will come out alright.

'The Old Man Who Lived in the Woods' (page 40) is of English origin, and was a favorite of American colonists in the 18th century. Many farmers and pioneers had, during much of the colonial era, little access to outside markets. Thus they had to make for themselves the clothes they wore, the food they ate and the tools they worked with. In this situation a division of labor arose between men and women. A woman's work was every bit as important as a man's, and it was not unusual for women to wield axes and plow fields when the men were away at war.

'The Old Man Who Lived in the Woods' gives us some idea of what woman's daily labor was like on a small farm. At elementary school level, the song fits in neatly with teaching about processes such as planting seed, growing corn, producing eggs and caring for animals. Children familiar with such processes will, with the song's help, have little difficulty in moving back through time and grasping what women had to do in colonial days. Add to this bearing, birthing, raising and nursing children, preparing food and cooking meals, and students will begin to comprehend the formidable contribution that women made.

'I Ride an Old Paint' (page 42). Many outstanding songs survive telling about the life and labor of cattlemen on the High Plains. They portray a far more realistic picture of the life of the cowboy than conventional movie and television stereotypes. *'I Ride an Old Paint,'* loping along gently to the rhythm of the horse, as Margaret Larkin writes, encapsulates the life of an anonymous cattle worker, Bill Jones. Jones had two daughters who left home, and a wife who died in a fight. Old Bill goes on, alone, trailing the herd across the prairie from dawn til dusk and, always, singing. His twin passions are love for the land where he worked and for the horse who was his companion.

Haul Away Joe

Once I had a no - good girl, And she was fat and la ___ zy ___
Now I have a Yan - kee girl, And she is just a dai___sy___
Way ___ haul a - way, ___ ___ we'll haul a - way ___ Joe! ___
Way, haul a - way ___ We'll haul for bet - ter wea ___ ther ___
Way haul a - way ___ We'll haul a - way ___ Joe.___

Once I had a no-good girl,
And she was fat and lazy,
Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe!
Now I have a Yankee girl
And she is just a daisy,
Way haul away, etc.

chorus
Way haul away, we'll haul for better weather,
Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe!

When I was a little boy,
My mother she done told me,
Way haul away, etc.
That if I didn't kiss the girls
My lips would all grow mouldy,
Way haul away, etc.

chorus

Once I was in Ireland,
Digging turf and 'taters',
Way haul away, etc.
Now I'm on a Yankee ship
Hauling on the braces,
Way haul away, etc.
chorus

King Louis was the king of France
Before the Revolution,
Way haul away, etc.
Then he had his head cut off,
Which spoiled his constitution,
Way haul away, etc

chorus

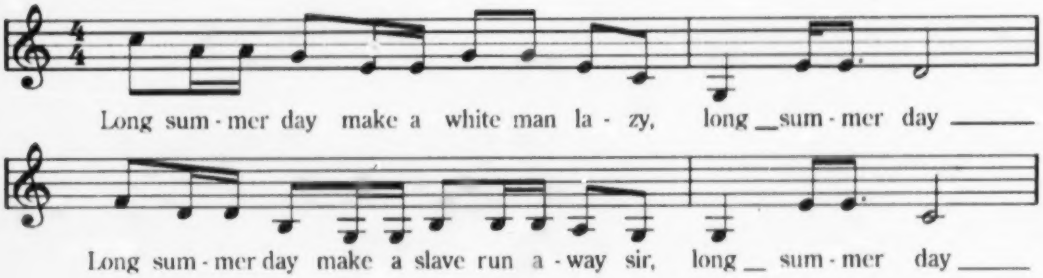
The cook is in the galley now,
Making duff so handy,
Way haul away, etc.
The captain's in his cabin
Drinking wine and brandy,
Way haul away, etc

chorus

vocabulary:
duff: steamed pudding, e.g., plum duff.
braces: ropes tied to the

Source: Stanley Hugill, *Shanties from the Seven Seas.* New York, E.P. Dutton, 1961 .

Long Summer Day



Long summer day make a slave run away sir,
Long summer day,
Long summer day make a slave run away sir,
Long summer day.

Pickin' that cotton in the bottom of the field,
Long summer day,
Yes, a-gettin' of the cotton in the bottom of the field, sir,
Long summer day.

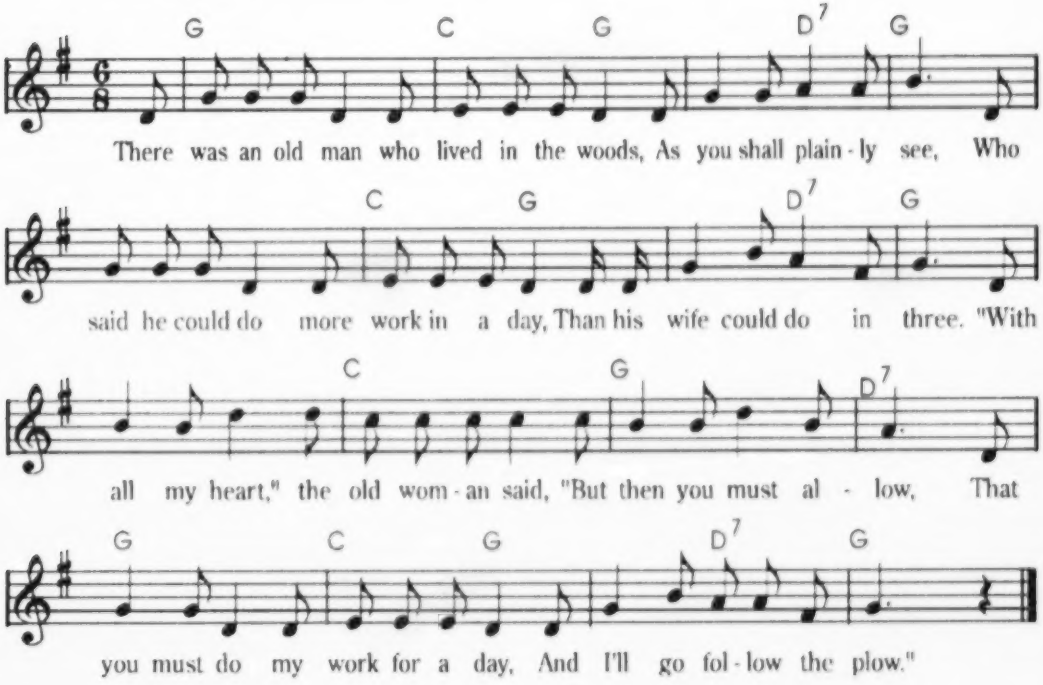
Massa and missus sittin' in the parlor,
Long summer day,
Just a figurin' and a-studyin' how to make a slave work harder,
Long summer day.

Well, a long summer day make a slave run away sir,
Long summer day,
Long summer day make a slave run away sir,
Long summer day.

Run away to see his Mary,
Long summer day,
Run away to see his baby,
Long summer day

Collected, adapted and arranged by John A.and Alan Lomax. Copyright by Ludlow Music, Inc., 1968. Music and lyrics reproduced by John Anthony Scott in *Hard Trials on My Way: Slavery and the Struggle Against It 1800-1860.* New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1974 .

The Old Man Who Lived in the Woods
(Mr. Grumble)


G C G D7 G
There was an old man who lived in the woods, As you shall plain - ly see, Who
C G D7 G
said he could do more work in a day, Than his wife could do in three. "With
C G D7
all my heart," the old wom - an said, "But then you must al - low, That
G C G D7 G
you must do my work for a day, And I'll go fol - low the plow."

"You must watch the tiny cow,
Lest she should go quite dry,
And you must feed the little pigs,
That live in yonder sty.
You must watch the speckled hen
For fear she lays astray,
And not forget the spool of yarn
That I spin every day."

The old woman took the staff in her hand
And went to follow the plow;
And the old man took the pail on his head
And went to milk the cow.
But Tiny she winked and Tiny she blinked,
And Tiny she tossed her nose,
And Tiny she gave him a kick on the shins
'Til the blood ran down to his toes.

Then "Whoa, Tiny!" and "So, Tiny!
My pretty little cow, stand still!
If ever I milk you again," he said,
"It will be against my will."
And then he went to feed the pigs
That lived within the sty;
But the old sow ran against his legs
And threw him in the mire.

And then he watched the speckled hen
Lest she might lay astray;
But quite forgot the spool of yarn
That his wife spun every day.
Then the old man swore by the sun and the moon,
And the green leaves on the trees,
That his wife could do more work in a day
Than he could do in three.

And when he saw how well she plowed
And ran the furrows even,
He swore she could do more work in a day
Than he could do in seven.

---

source: John Anthony Scott, *The Ballad of America*. Southern Illinois University Press, 1983

I Ride an Old Paint

G
I ride an old paint___ I lead an old dam,___ I'm
D G
going to Mon - tan - a to throw the hoo - li - han. They
D G
feed in the coul - ees, they wa - ter in the draw, their
D C G chorus
tails are all mat - ted, their backs are all raw. ride a
D G
round, lit - tle dog - ies, Ride a - round___ them___ slow, For the
D C G
fier - y and snuf - fy Are rar - ing to go.

I ride an old paint, I lead an old dam,
I'm goin' to Montana to throw the hoolihan.
They feed in the coulees, they water in the draw,
Their tails are all matted, their backs are all raw.

refrain

Ride around, little dogies,
Ride around them slow,
For the fiery and the snuffy
Are raring to go.

Old Bill Jones had two daughters and a song,
One went to Denver and the other went wrong.
His wife she died in a poolroom fight,
But still he keep singing from morning 'til night.

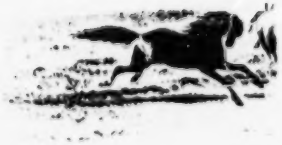
refrain

Oh, when I die, take my saddle from the wall,
Put it on my pony, and lead him from his stall.
Tie my bones to his back, turn our faces to the West,
And we'll ride the prairies that we love the bes

refrain

source: Laurence Seidman, *Once in the Saddle.*
New York; Facts On File, 1991

Vocabulary:
old dam: an old mare.
old paint: a dappled horse. From Spanish *pintado*, meaning painted or spotted.
throw the hoolihan: a rodeo stunt that involved leaping from a running horse onto a steer's head.
fiery and snuffy: wild or spirited cattle.
coulees: dried up creek beds.
the draw: a gully where water collects after rain.



THE ENVIRONMENT

Environmental awareness is today widespread. Oil spills, the poisoning of the food supply by pesticides and preservatives, the incineration of Third World forests, acid rain, residential and workplace pollution symbolized by Bhopal, Love Canal and Los Angeles, are grim realities. Many environmentalists believe that the battle to save the environment is a battle for the survival of life. But the environmentalists cannot win the battle by themselves, they need the help of many other people, and in particular of young people. This support is not likely to be forthcoming unless teachers everywhere make environmental education one of their classroom priorities.

In meeting this challenge folk songs, in addition to numerous environmental songs being composed today, constitute a valuable resource. Songs, firing the imagination as they do, empower us to grasp the totality of the world of nature that lies around us. The message they send is one of love for the planet and all its life. "Song," as Richard Cargill has well said, "is fundamental to the formation of the environmental ethic which must inspire millions if the planet is to be saved." [Richard Cargill is a social studies teacher and environmental educator at Willowbrook High School, Villa Park, Illinois. A report on his environmental teaching and his use of songs was published in ***Folksong in the Classroom***, XII #1, pages 10-11.]

This new ethic needs to be taught in the schools. With this in mind we have published many songs dealing with the environment in back issues of ***Folksong in the Classroom***. Volume IX in its entirety, and Volume XII #1 were devoted to environmental topics. In Volume XIV, six songs in other categories may also be used to teach about the environment: *'The Golden Vanity,' 'Hi! Ho! The Rattlin' Bog,' 'De Colores,' 'The Owl,' 'My Owlet,'* and *'I Ride an Old Paint'*. Below we reproduce three more such songs which have proved popular with students at the upper elementary and junior high school levels.

On Ilkley Moor (page 46). Set to the rousing melody of an old hymn tune, *'Cranbrook'*, *'On Ilkley Moor'* is one of the most popular of English folk songs. It comes from the West Riding of Yorkshire, where the river Wharfe, flowing from west to east, neatly divides the northern from the southern moors of the Pennine Chain. The village of Ilkley lies in the Wharfe Valley, where the surrounding uplands shelter it from the westerly winter winds. People have inhabited this place for a thousand years or more. Five miles down the valley lie the exquisite ruins of Bolton Priory, where the Cistercians founded a monastery in 1150. The monks prayed for the souls of the dead, grazed their sheep on the windswept moors, and grew prosperous selling wool.

'On Ilkley Moor' describes the chain of life in a simple and specific way. All that lives, dies, and is broken down into its component elements and minerals. All that lives is endlessly

recycled and used again. All that lives is bio-degradable.

This is a fact of nature. It helps children to understand one component of our current ecological crisis. Man is introducing new and lethal compounds into the environment that are not biodegradable. Atomic wastes, poisonous chemicals and plastics continue to exist indefinitely, threatening life wherever they are dumped on earth or in the sea.

Students will have no trouble with *'On Ilkley Moor'* if they are familiar with the *thou* form, and are informed that *bah t'at* is Yorkshire dialect for *hatless*, or *without thy hat*.

There is a passionate story driving this wonderful song. A man is talking, or singing, to his friend. I haven't seen you for a while, he says. Poor lad, you've been courting Mary Jane; roaming the cold windswept moor hatless, in the agony of love and despair. Beware my friend; take care of your health. It you don't, you may return to us alright, but in a different form than when you left.

'Stewball' (page 48) carries no ecological message like *'Ilkley Moor'*. It is an Irish song, originating in the 18th century, that celebrates the horse. The story of the horse takes us back to the dun ponies of Europe and the barbs of Asia and Africa that roamed wild in prehistoric times. The domestication of these animals was an event of great importance in human history. Without the help of the horse, civilization as we know it could never have developed. In medieval times the horse was the steed on which knights rode to battle and to the hunt. Horses were also used for racing and for hauling farmers' wagons. Centuries later they would be harnessed to ploughs and harvesters and costermongers' carts as well.

In early modern times (16th to 18th centuries) many other uses for horses were found. They drew stage coaches and carried post riders. They pulled the carriages in which ladies and gentlemen rode. They provided swift transportation, not just for military men and wealthy people, but for ordinary folk as well. Over the centuries the English breeds were enriched by intermingling with others from Turkey, Italy and Spain. Selective breeding produced creatures of incomparable power and beauty, of high speed and versatility. In the 18th century horse racing came into its own as the British national sport.

An American version of *'Stewball'*, with quite different words, has been popular with Black people in the South.

'Who Has Seen the Wind?' (page 49) was composed by Christina Rossetti (1830—94), an English lyric poet. We have included *'Who Has Seen the Wind?* in part because of its contemplative mood. Rossetti's message is brief, but liberating. The wind is an invisible force in nature's world. We may *see* it when the leaves tremble and the trees themselves bow down. The melody provided here is adapted from 'Dust in the Wind:' if readers know of another tune to which *'Who Has Seen the Wind?'* has been set, we would be glad to hear about it.

On Ilkley Moor

C G7 C F G7
Where hast thou been since I saw thee? On Il - kley Moor bah t'at.
C D G7
Where hast thou been since I saw thee? Where hast thou been since I saw thee? On
C
Il - kley Moor bah t'at, On Ilk - ley Moor bah
D7 G7 C
t'at, On Ilk - ley Moor bah t'at.

Thou's been a-courting Mary Jane,
On Ilkley Moor bah t'at,
Thou's been a-courting Mary Jane,
Thou's been a-courting Mary Jane.
On Ilkley Moor bah t'at. (three times)

Thou'lt go and get thy death of cold,
On Ilkley Moor ba t'at,
Thou'lt go and get thy death of cold,
thou'lt go and get thy death of cold.
On Ilkley Moor bah t'at. (three times)

Then we shall have to bury thee,
On Ilkley Moor bah t'at,
Then we shall have to bury thee,
Then we shall have to bury thee.
On Ilkley Moor bah t'at. (three times).

48

Then worms will come and eat thee up,
On Ilkley Moor bah t'at,
Then worms will come and eat thee up,
Then worms will come and eat thee up.
On Ilkley Moor bah t'at. (three times)

Then ducks will come and eat up worms,
On Ilkley Moor bah t'at.
Then ducks will come and eat up worms,
Then ducks will come and eat up worms.
On Ilkley Moor bah t'at. (three times)

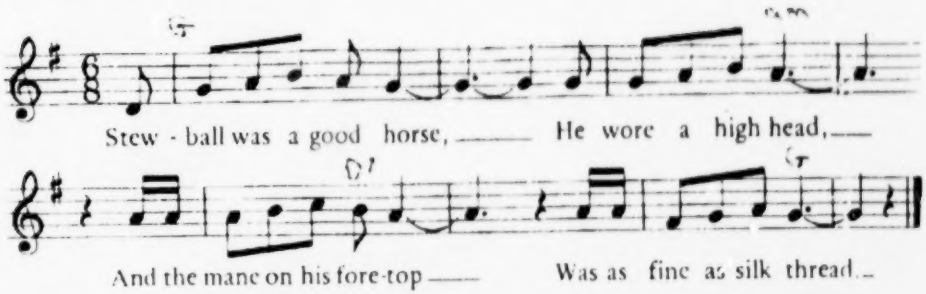
Then us will come and eat up ducks,
On Ilkley Moor bah t'at,
Then us will come and eat up ducks,
Then us will come and eat up ducks.
On Ilkley Moor bah t'at. (three times)

Then us shall all have eaten thee,
On Ilkley Moor bah t'at.
Then us shall all have eaten thee,
Then us shall all have eaten thee.
On Ilkley Moor bah t'at. (three times)

That's where we'll get our own back,
On Ilkley Moor bah t'at.
That's where we'll get our own back,
That's where we'll get our own back.
On Ilkley Moor bah t'at. (three times)

Peter Kennedy, Ed.: Folksongs of Britain and Ireland New York; Schirmer Books, 1975.

Stewball



Stewball was a good horse,
He wore a high head,
And the mane on his foretop
Was as fine as silk thread.

I rode him in England,
I rode him in Spain,
And I never did lose, boys,
I always did gain.

So come all you gamblers,
Wherever you are,
And don't bet your money
On that little gray mare.

Most likely she'll stumble,
Most likely she'll fall,
But you never will lose, boys,
On my noble Stewball.

And away out yonder,
Ahead of them all,
Came a-prancin' and dancin'
My noble Stewball.

Stewball was a good horse,
He wore a high head,
And the mane on his foretop
Was as fine as silk thread.

When the horses were saddled,
And the word given "go,"
Old Stewball he shot like
An arrow from a bow.

Stewball was a fast horse,
Stewball he was mine.
He never drank water,
He only drank wine.

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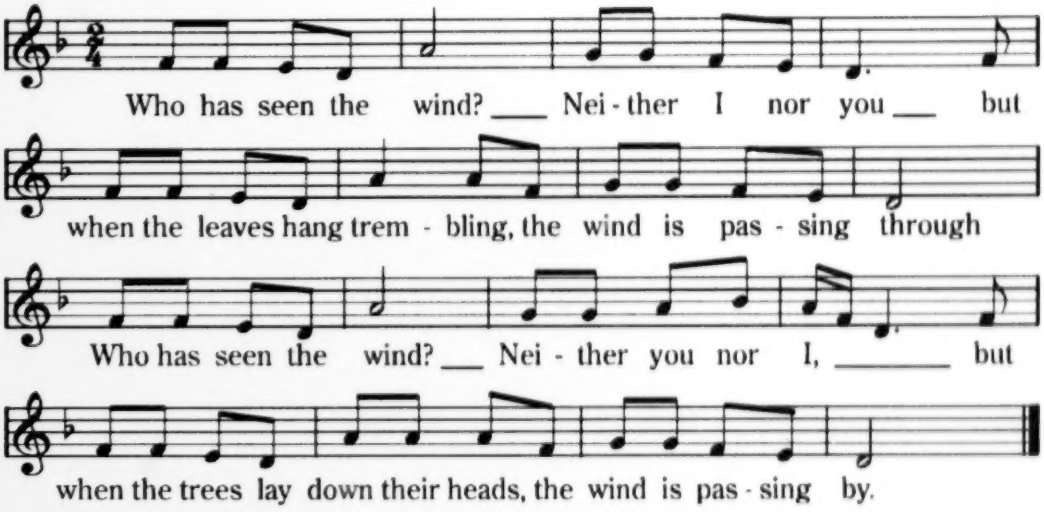
source: Eleanor G. Locke, *Sail Away. 155 American Folk Songs to Sing and Play.* New York: Boosey and Hawkes, revised edition, 1988
See also, John A. and Alan Lomax, *American Ballads and Folksongs* (New York, 1934)

Who Has Seen the Wind?


Who has seen the wind? ___ Nei - ther I nor you ___ but
when the leaves hang trem - bling, the wind is pas - sing through
Who has seen the wind? ___ Nei - ther you nor I, _____ but
when the trees lay down their heads, the wind is pas - sing by.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

Christina Rossetti's lyrics, to a variant of *'Dust in the Wind'*

BIBLIOGRAPHY

There is an admirable source for songs for grades 4 - 7, which further explores the categories which we have presented in this issue: Eleanor G. Locke, *Sail Away. 155 American Folk Songs to Sing and Play*. New York: Boosey and Hawkes, revised edition, 1988. This collection, in addition, includes a number of songs and games for younger children, and provides easy-to-read melodic lines and lyrics for every song. *Sail Away,* is as useful to music as to classroom teachers. The songs are arranged by modes in ascending order of complexity, illustrating the wealth of tone systems available for study and use. (for review, see FITC Vol. X #3, 26).

Traditional English ballads and songs in *Sail Away* include *'Barbara Allen'*, *'Black Jack Davy'*, *'The Farmer's Curst Wife'*, *'Hangman's Tree'*, and *'Scarborough Fair'*. There are ten Spanish language songs, including *'Vamos a la Mar'* and *'De Colores.'* More than twenty African-American songs are provided, including spirituals, field hollers, and the classic *'Boll Weevil.'* There are eight Native American songs or lullabies.

In the work category there are several sea songs, including *'Blood Red Roses'*, *'Blow the Man Down'*, *'Haul on the Bowline'*, and *'Santy Anno'*. Western songs are represented by *'Doney Gal'*, *'The Dying Cowboy'*, *'Git Along Little Dogies'*, *'Jesse James'*, *'The Nightherding Song'*, and *'Shady Grove'*. There is a lumber worker's song, *'The Jam on Gerry's Rock'*, and two miner's songs, *'The Longest Train'* and *'Dark as a Dungeon'*. Railroading is represented by *'To Work upon the Railway'*. As for wildlife, there are more than twenty songs about animals or birds, including *'The Birds' Courting Song'*, *'Stewball'* (two versions), *'The Darby Ram'* and the *'Zebra Dun'*.

Eleanor Locke provides a minimum of commentary about the songs she presents. Here her book may be supplemented with various issues of **Folksong In The Classroom**. For traditional English ballads, see Vol. VI #3. John Anthony Scott, *Settlers on the Eastern Shore: the British Colonies in North America 1607-1750* (New York: Facts on File, 1991), provides some beautiful colonial songs, with melodies and commentary. Irish songs with commentary are included in FITC, XII #2 (Irish Immigration). For railroad songs, see VI #1; for songs of the lumbermen, see V #2, and for songs of the sea, IV #2 and XI #1. For songs of slavery, see IV #3. Other work songs are included in XI #2 **(Mine, Mill and Tunnel Workers)**, and, XIII #3 **(Textile Workers of New England)**. For commentary and background on cowboy songs Laurence Seidman, *Once in the Saddle: The Cowboy's Frontier 1866-1896* (New York: Facts on File, 1991), is hard to beat. For environmental songs see VII # 2 and 3 (rivers), and all three issues of Vol. IX. Vol V #3 is devoted to **Animals and Living Creatures**, and XII #1 to **Fowls of the Air, Wild and Domesticated**. Forthcoming issues will explore Hispanic, French, German and other language area songs. Our first contribution to this area was XIII #1, on Yiddish songs. Note also that all the songs provided in XIII #2 are appropriate for 6th or 7th grade children studying the Depression and the New Deal.

SUGGESTIONS FOR TEACHERS WHO DON'T READ MUSIC

In introducing these songs to the children, it is wise to begin with one or two that you know. Then add others to your repertoire when you have time. If you don't read music, you may have a colleague or friend who can play or sing the tunes for you. Tape the lessons so that you will remember the tunes. In making your decisions about which songs to learn, read over the lyrics carefully: some will be more relevant to your classroom than others. Start with your favorites.

Bit by bit you can add to your repertoire. Be on the lookout, too, for musical artists who may be invited to visit your school. Such people could be a big help to you in learning songs and in finding recorded sources for some of them.

Eventually we will be able to provide cassette recording of the songs in each volume as it is published. For now it is not that easy to dig up recordings from which to learn the songs you want. Cassettes and CD's are listed in catalogues only by general type of music (e.g., classical, rock, folk, etc.), producing companies, and performing artists or groups. There is no master list of songs available, even for the songs recorded by a single company. A number of the songs we reproduce are, too, not currently available on disc or tape. Those that are, are scattered among many discs and cassettes. The cost of acquisition would be prohibitive.

If you have your own list of songs to shop for, it pays to haunt the second-hand record stores and see what you can pick up. With a little time and patience you'll meet with some successes, you'll be adding to your repertoire, and you may find some good bargains too.

Yet another way to go is to organize your own song seminar, find someone to conduct it, and use **SONGS FOR THE WORLD'S CHILDREN IN NORTH AMERICA** as your teaching manual! A two or three hour seminar could work wonders for a group of teachers; and you might invite parents to join in. If you tape the proceedings, you'll have a learning tool for your own future use. You cannot find a suitable teacher? Consult us, and we will try to help you.

Also look in the commentaries we have provided for a few hints on the use of specific songs in the classroom.

REVIEW

Pete Seeger. *Where Have All the Flowers Gone? A Singer's Stories, Songs, Seeds and Robberies*, edited by Peter Blood. Bethlehem, PA: Sing Out Corporation, 1993.

Where Have All the Flowers Gone? makes available, within the covers of a single book, much of Pete's contribution as a major song writer. It reproduces the music and lyrics of 200 songs which Pete has had a share (often a major one) in composing. *Where Have All the Flowers Gone?* is also the author's autobiography. It provides a fascinating commentary on the background and origins of the lyrics and melodies.

The songs cover Pete's life and this country's history from the 1930's until the present. They include: *'Talking Union'*, *'We Shall Overcome'*, *'If I Had a Hammer'*, *'My Rainbow Race'*, *'One Man's Hands'*, *'Full Fathom Five'*, *'Who Killed Norma Jean?'*, *'He Lies in the American Land'* (English lyrics); *'Dzhankoye'* (English lyrics); *'Guantanamera'* (musical adaptation); *'Sailing Up My Dirty Stream'*, *'The Water Is Wide'* (guitar arrangement), *'Waist Deep in the Big Muddy'*, *'Snow, Snow'*, and of course, *'Where Have All the Flowers Gone?'* The commentary on this, the title song, underscores the international dimension of Pete's work. A German version, *'Sag Mir Wo Die Blumen Sind'*, was recorded by Marlene Dietrich. It became a smash hit in Germany in 1959.

Teachers will find this book a valuable classroom resource at almost any level of the educational system. We recommend it specifically for those who teach units/courses on the following: the Depression and the New Deal, World War II, the Civil Rights Movement, the Vietnam War, and the Environment. Parents and teachers of younger children will find much that they can use in Chapter III, entitled 'Kids.'

The layout of music and lyrics is excellent. In addition to music notation, there are banjo accompaniments using tablature for a number of the songs, which perhaps takes up excessive space. Teachers will find the discography very useful: it provides a guide, song by song, to recordings made by Pete and others. The book's size (8 1/2" x 11") facilitates photocopying. Material may be reproduced for classroom purposes with the written permission of Sing Out Corporation.

Kerrigan Black, *Tryin' To Get Home: A History of African American Song* A video tape produced by Kerrigan Black and Larry Cross. Heebie Jeebie Music1608 Julia Street Berkeley, CA 94703-2018

Kerrigan Black, Larry Cross and Company have produced a video tape that receives our highest rating. It is the first of a kind of an educational video tape we hope there will be a lot more of. Every school should have a copy of ***Tryin' To Get Home***: it is appropriate for all ages.

Black and Cross have overcome difficulties of presenting a solo performance of folkmusic on video tape with lively editing of photographs, old movies, and an animation. Here is history at its best, told through narration and song, weaving voices from the past with a modern point of view. A surprise ending from the world of rap would make any history teacher beam with pride.
Songs on the tape are: *'O Freedom'* (Spiritual), *'All Hid'* (children's game song), *John Henry'* (folk ballad), *'Nobody'* (minstrel song), *'Something Doing'* (ragtime), *St. Louis Blues* (blues), *'It Don't Mean a Thing'* (jazz), *'Weary'* (Broadway), *'In the Still of the Night'* (early rock 'n roll), *'How Sweet it Is'*, *'My Girl'*, *'The Tracks of My Tears'* (Motown medley), *'Home'* (Broadway), *Ya Gotta Know Somethin' 'Bout History'* (rap), *'Climbing Higher Mountains, Trying to Get Home'* (gospel).

Flaws with the tape are minor, but should be mentioned. With *'John Henry'*, our hero is protrayed in animated footage as a spike driver, ie. a worker, usually a member of a railroad work gang, that drives in the spikes which hold the rails to the cross ties. The machine John Henry races against in the animation does the same. The actual job in question involved drilling a hole a foot or more into solid rock, in which to place blasting power. More often than not the the job was done deep inside an Appalachian mountain in order to drill a tunnel to the other side. The job was dangerous and skill was needed; one slip of the hammer could kill the 'shaker' or man who held the drill with a pair of tongs.

This wouldn't seem so important to us except for the fact **Folksong In The Classroom** recently published ***Mine Mill and Tunnel Workers***, Vol. XI #2. We were quite surprised to learn that many workers lost their lives due to accidents while building these tunnels. Some people think that John Henry survived the race with the steam drill only to be killed in a tunnel explosion.

We would like very much to see a booklet of song sheets accompany the tape so that the students would be able to sing and remember the songs.

FOLKSONG IN THE CLASSROOM

Diana Palmer, Assistant Editor, P.O. Box 925 Sturbridge MA 01566

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